

THE

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RIAR and BOY:

OR, THE

YOUNG PIPERS'S

PLEASANT PASTIME.

CONTAINING

his witty PRANKS, in Relation to
his Step-Mother, whom he fitted for
her unkind Treatment.

The SECOND PART.



London: Printed and Sold in Stonecutter-
Street, Fleet-Market.

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MERRY PIPER



YOU lads and lasses that can read,
 And you that fain would learn,
 Herein you may your fancies feed,
 and pleasant tales discern.
 If once they're understood,
 deny it if you can,
 The merry tales of Robin Hood,
 Tom Thumb and little John.
 Cannot compare with this small book,
 which I present to you,
 So reader slight it not, but look
 you read the same quite thro'.
 And then you'll be well satisfy'd,
 that I the truth have spoke,
 For all this book is beautify'd,
 with many a pleasant joke.
 A merry book here is, between
 the friar and the boy,
 In which whole crowds are dancing free
 in mad and mickle joy.

A little lad, whose name was Jack,
 he had a step-mother,
 Unto whom there was such a crack,
 as scarce was such another.
 For Jack a pleasant pipe had got,
 from a poor hermit old,
 Likewise a bow, with which he shot,
 (sure the like was never sold)
 With which he made delightful sport,
 upon the poor old friar,
 And in the proctor's court,
 he did the lawyer's tire.
 His step-mother among the rout,
 whene'er she look'd on Jack,
 Was forc'd to dance and jump about,
 like any thunder clap.
 Which vex'd his mother to the heart,
 and the old friar too:
 But Jack hath play'd a second part,
 such lads there are but few.
 Jack's father sent him forth again,
 once more to keep his sheep,
 And passing thro' a narrow lane,
 he did the hermit meet,
 Who gave him the chain'd bow,
 the pipe and trumpet strains,
 To whom he made a congee low,
 and thank'd him for his pains.
 For, loving father, then he cry'd,
 right happy may you be.

Because I am well satisfy'd
 a friend you have been to me,
 For those gifts which I received
 From your good aged hand,
 Have often times the friar griev'd
 I have him at command.



The aged father then reply'd,
 Give me some drink I pray,
 Out of the bottle by your side,
 I have not drank to day.
 Take it, quoth Jack, with all my heart,
 And further if you please,
 You shall sit down, and take a part,
 Of my poor bread and cheese.
 I pray you do not spare to eat,
 Of such as now you see;
 Yet if I had the best of meat,
 Right welcome should you be.
 The hermit eat and drank his fill,
 And when he thus had done,

For Jack's free heart, and kind goodwill

He said my loving son,

I will give thee three wishes more,

Whatever thou wilt crave,

For I have many things in store,

And thou the best shalt have.

I with a stock of points I had,

Made of enchanted leather,

That when the people all dance mad,

They may be y'd together,

By two and two in various shapes,

According to my mind,

And so to skip about like apes,

'Till I do them upbind.

The hermit said, these cunning points,

I'll give thee now with ease,

And thou shalt tie and bind their joints,

And loose them when you please.

Come tell to me, my pretty boy,

What thou wilt have besides;

For what thou'rt willing to enjoy,

Shall never be deny'd.

Father, said he, a cunning spell,

Let me not go without,

That I may fix a ringing bell,

To every woman's snout,

Who does the wanton wag-tail play,

With friars in the dark;

That friars too, as well as they,

May bear the self-same mark.

So soon as ever they shall hear
 my pipe's delightful sound,
 That to the world it may appear,
 how they in fias abound.
 I grant this wish with all my heart,
 in love and kind good will;
 Tho' they endure both pains and smart,
 the bell shall jingle still,
 And cause them to become a scoff,
 till they thy love obtain,
 Thou power hast to take them off,
 or fix them on again.
 Come tell me what the last must be,
 my boy and pretty bird:
 For sure the number must be three,
 according to my word,
 The lad he then made this reply,
 all cuckolds far and near,
 When they my merry pipes draw nigh,
 let them with horns appear.
 Wherever they are dancing led,
 in strange and various forms,
 I wish to graft upon their heads,
 a lusty pair of horns.
 That I thereby may cuckolds know
 from other honest men.
 The hermit said, it shall be so,
 thou hast three wishes then,
 Go on and prosper with them all,
 right happy shalt thou be :

For there is none alive that shall
 enjoy such charms but thee.
 I thank you, father, for your love,
 I have my hearts desire,
 And make no question but to prove,
 vexation to the friar.

My step-mother I'll not excuse,
 the proctors, nor the clerks,
 Nor any thing shall me abuse;
 I'll frolick with these sparks.

Your kindness let me gratify,
 here take this good old groat,
 And till the very day I die,
 you shall be in my thought.

He took the groat, and then reply'd,
 this does much comfort yield,
 You're welcome, father, Jack he cry'd,
 And so he trudg'd to field.

And by a barn he chanc'd to pass,
 by accident he saw,
 A young man and a bonny lass,
 lie sporting in the straw.

He plays they jump from a barndoor
 into an open green,

Oh! such a sight as this before,
 I think was never seen.

The man and maid did pull and haul,
 yet could not get asunder,
 At length aloud for help they call,
 like roaring claps of thunder.

With that came out her good old dame
 From carding of her wool,
 The sight she saw, and blush'd for shame
 Yet she was pitiful,
 But Jack fix'd a bell upon her snout,
 Which tingle, tingle went,
 And as they danc'd and jump't about,
 This was Jack's merriment.



The good old wife bit her thumbs,
 And bitterly did frown,
 So with her cards she claw'd their bums,
 Until the blood run'd down.
 The young man aloud did roar,
 So did the damsel too,
 Her buttocks were rent and tore,
 The like you never knew
 They caper'd high, they caper'd low,
 And could not be at rest;
 For still as Jack the pipes did blow,
 They thought themselves possest.

Their scratches were as dreadful stripes,

They cry'd, we cannot stand,

Surely these are enchanted pipes,

The devil is at hand.

Ay so he is, I do suppose,

The good old wife she cry'd,

For here's a bell upon my nose,

I don't know how 'tis ty'd.

The grief of this does me provoke,

For why, alas! I fear,

My spectacles will soon be broke,

With so much bobbing here.

They danc'd along they knew not how,

At length young Jack he brought 'em,

Quite through a dirty slimy slough,

Says he, I now have taught 'em.

A trick for playing of the game,

Close by the highway side,

They shall be punish'd for the same,

I will be satisfy'd.

Still he did pipe and they did skip,

Which fill'd young Jack with laughter,

Who cross a river wide did leap,

And they came fousing after;

Thro' all the stinking water where,

They fous'd themselves all o'er,

So honest Jack did then declare,

He'd punish them no more.

He parted them and said farewell,

Now you have wash'd your cloaths,

But yet he left the little bell,
 at the old woman's nose,
 So they went trudging dropping dry,
 Quite from the top to toe,
 And the old wife did often cry,
 ads-foot, I do not know,
 What I shall do with this small bell,
 it bobs from side to side.
 And by myself I cannot tell,
 how he the same has ty'd.
 Sure it is that unlucky lad,
 who plagu'd the honest friar,
 And made him dance like one stark mad
 among the thorny briars.
 I'll tell my husband of his tricks,
 he'll punish him I know,
 And teach the rascal thus to fix,
 a bell upon me so.
 Against he doth return at night,
 we will a warrant have,
 These heavy wrongs of mine to right,
 in truth he is a knave.
 She to her husband then did trot,
 who in a fright arose,
 And cry'd how now! what hast thou got,
 a clapper at thy nose.
 She told him all the story then,
 which griev'd him to the heart,
 Therefore he got near twenty men,
 with staves to take his part,

At night, when Jack came along,
 with all his cattle too,
 And thinking of no kind of wrong,
 he met this horned crew.
 The constable, with his long staff,
 did sieze upon him first,
 At which Jack began to laugh,
 and bid him do his worst.



Ay, so we will; we'll break thy spell,
 reply'd the revel rout,
 We'll teach you for to fix a bell,
 on any woman's snout.
 Before a justice him they haul'd,
 like any forlorn sheep,
 Thought he, I mean to fit you all,
 this night before I sleep,
 When they before the justice came,
 Jack's faults were told at large,
 Concerning of his dear step dame,
 whose hum did sound a charge.

Besides he now has fix'd a bell,
 On our good neighbour's nose:
 He has some black enchanted spell,
 Kind sir, we do suppose.
 Come, sirrah then the justice cry'd,
 Thou art a wicked elf,
 Our neighbours must be satisfy'd,
 What say'st thou for thyself.
 Quoth Jack, methinks you are too hot,
 For they abus'd me first,
 Yet, after all, I fear you not,
 Pray justice do your worst.



You saucy rascal, say you so?
 And do you stand to prate?
 You to the whipping post shall go,
 And be corrected strait,
 Then Jack at this aloud did laugh,
 And taunted him with scorns;
 Likewise he on each head did graft
 A lusty pair of horns.

The Justice had the largest pair
 Plac'd just above the brow,
 At which he then began to swear,
 Ah! what's the matter now?
 No horns did ever spread so wide,
 Mine are two yards at least,
 Neighbours we're transform'd he cries,
 Into the shapes of beasts.
 As they bewail'd their woful chance,
 Young Jack did pipe and blow,
 And they began to skip and dance,
 Like cuckolds all a row.
 The good old wife then did spring,
 And dance and skip about,
 Which made the little bell to ring,
 That hung unto her snout:
 Then in and out they dance about
 The horns aloud did rattle,
 Together in that revel rout,
 Like club-law in a battle,
 The justice gor'd the miller's rump,
 With one of his large horns,
 Which made him give a lusty jump,
 Upon his neighbour's corns.
 Up to the cieling then he took,
 Where brushing near the wall,
 He by his horns upon a hook,
 Did hang above them all.
 The justice round the room did pass,
 His horns the wall did tear,

And broke his wife's fine looking glafs,
with all her china-ware.

His lady she came down to see,
the slaughter he had made ;

And cry'd, what will you ruin me ?
what frolick have you play'd,

My glafs and china-ware are broke,
by such a hair brain'd crew.

But 'ere another word she spoke,
She fell a dancing too.



Upon her nose young Jack did fix,
a ringing bell likewise ;

And tho' she did not like such tricks,
he caught her by surprize.

Young Jack the doors open'd then,
and troop'd into the street,

They follow'd him like frantic men,
all in a foaming heat,

The women caper'd up so high,
into the lofty air,

It made their petticoats to fly,
 and left their buttocks bare,
 The men did dance upon their heels,
 sometimes upon their heads.
 Some that were walking in the fields,
 some sleeping in their beds,
 The pipe did draw a jovial crew,
 men and their handsome wives,
 The sons and handsome daughters too,
 the comfort of their lives.
 They danc'd and caper'd all the night,
 after the pipe together :
 The women seem'd to be as light,
 as any cork or feather,
 So that there were as many bells,
 as women's noses there.
 And farther, by Jack's magic spells,
 the men large horns did wear,
 Along the town their way they clear'd,
 they tumble o'er and o'er.
 'Tis said the bells and horns were heard,
 full two long miles or more,
 The streets were very large and wide,
 yet they at every stroke,
 By bouncing hard from side to side,
 all the glass windows broke.
 Then Jack pull'd out a bag of points,
 and when a blast he blew,
 Immediately he binds their joints,
 by couples two and two.

A point Jack to the justice throws,
 And nothiug said but mum,
 With which he bound his copper nose,
 Fast to his lady's bum,
 His horns did any cows excel,
 And her backside was bare,
 Besides, upon her snout a bell,
 Oh! what a sight was there.
 Then in the dance immediately,
 I shall, I shall she cries,
 With that her fundament let fly,
 Into her husband's eyes,
 It down his beard in streams did run,
 Quoth he thy breath is strong,
 Beshrew thy heart, for thou hast done,
 Thy husband mickle wrong.
 To Jack the justice dancing turn'd,
 And said my fingers itch,
 You rascal; I will have you burn'd,
 For a notorious witch,
 Said Jack I have you at command,
 You cannot conquer me,
 I'll make you come with cap in hand,
 Before I set you free,
 Since it is so, sweet John, be kind,
 And take our horns away,
 Likewise the bells and thou shalt find,
 Thy orders we'll obey.
 So Jack the whole enchantment broke,
 His pipe he ceas'd to blow.

And each of them he did unyoke,
Both men and wives also.

They took leave of him with speed,

And thank'd him for his love,

Thus did the young unlucky boy,

Always successful prove.

So Jack put up his rattle-traps,

His pipe, his horns, his bells,

Likewise his fine enchanted straps,

And all his magic spells.

That he might range the fields about

To find his father's cows,

At length by chance he found them,

And drove them home to house.

Unto his father then he went,

And told him what had pass'd,

Who laugh'd out with merriment,

And gave him meat at last.

When he had suppd away he goes,

To ramble thro' the town ;

For in his thoughts he does suppose

To meet some popish clown ;

Yet for a while he could not find

Sport to his heart's content.

At length a thought came in his mind,

So then with speed he went,

To a religious nunnery,

At twelve o'clock at night.

Wherein he got, and chanc'd to see,

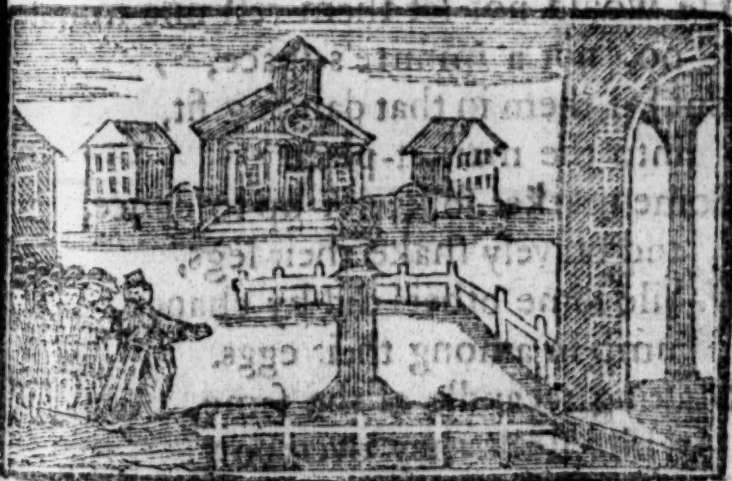
A very pleasant sight,

As thro' a spacious hall he pass'd,
 the matron he beheld,
 With the old friar sleeping fast,
 lying as if they bill'd.
 This haps to be the dancing friar,
 of whom you heard before.
 Who caper'd in the thorny briar,
 until his flesh was tore.
 Up stairs immediately he goes,
 searching the house all o'er,
 There he found eight and forty nuns;
 with friars twenty-four.
 Between two nuns a friar lay,
 twining like ivy round,
 Each other's waist, 'till morning day,
 securely sleeping found.
 Young Jack straitway did take
 his pipes and blew them shrill;
 Then half asleep, and half a wake,
 they dance with a good will.
 One friar had a ragged shirt,
 torn into pieces small.
 Some without sleeves, some half a shirt,
 and some had none at all.
 The nuns had holland smickets fine,
 branched with flowers gay,
 Round their snowy legs did twine,
 still as they danc'd the hay,
 Like mad they caper'd in and out,
 the nuns and friars too,

Kicking the chamber pots about,
 against the glass they flew.
 Breaking the windows with the same,
 bruising their toes likewise ;
 Till some of them were grown so lame,
 that they could scarcely rise,
 Jack seeing them upon the floor,
 he play'd another strain,
 So made them, tho' their feet were sore,
 get up and dance again.
 From side to side, from post to post,
 they jump'd in so much haste,
 They beat the bedsteads down almost,
 and every thing displac'd.
 Behold the walls of curious paint,
 were bruise'd at every stroke ;
 Likewise the images of saints
 they tumbled down and broke.
 While these did caper to and fro',
 and the mad dance endure,
 The friar sleeping lay below,
 with the old nun secure.
 But he awakes at length by chance,
 as you shall understand :
 The friar he was loath to dance,
 so took his beads in hand,
 With an intent to say his pray'rs,
 finding himself possesst :
 Yet he went dancing up the stairs,
 As naked as the rest.

The matron fell upon the ground,
 Where firmity was laid;
 With which she drench'd her smock
 As if she'd been bewray'd.
 Yet she did instantly arise,
 To dance and skip about;
 Her shift did hang about her thighs,
 Like any shitten clout.
 She jump'd upon the friar's back,
 In that most nasty case,
 Making his very shoulders crack,
 And all besmear'd his face.
 No intermission there was found,
 They still kept dancing there,
 The hall and spacious parlour round,
 None could the same forbear,
 Jack kept his merry pipe in tune,
 Still all the morning long,
 At length, when it was almost noon,
 He led his brain'd throng,
 Out of the houses to the street,
 They follow'd him again,
 Naked and in a foaming heat,
 This was a merry strain.
 Then Jack, by virtue of a spell,
 While they did skip about,
 Did fix a curious ringing bell,
 To every woman's snout.
 Upon their noses he did lock,
 Above three score and ten,

That they jingled like a flock
 Of morrice dancers then,
 The neighbours hearing of the noise,
 Came dancing out of doors,
 Men, women, maids, and little boys,
 Till there were many scores,
 The damsels they did dance and run,
 And at their friends did beck,
 To show them how a grey old nun,
 Rode on the friar's back,



A smith came dancing like a witch,
 Bringing a red hot bar,
 And burnt the friar by the breech,
 Making a wounded scar,
 The friar he aloud did roar,
 Then in the open street,
 His bum was ne'er so sing'd before,
 With such a scorching heat,
 So down he threw the good old dame,
 Stark-naked on the stones.

Yet they could not forsake the game
tho' some had broken bones.

The smith, as mad as all the rest,
did caper up and down,
As if he had been posselt,
or crazy in the crown.

His bar of iron was so hot,
when he came dancing there
For as into the throng he got,
he sing'd his buttocks bare.

He would not let them rest one minute,
no, not a minute's space,
But led them in that dancing fit,
into the market-place

Some market folks got up to dance,
and bravely shake their legs,
While some others did by chance,
jump in among their eggs.

Making a caudle of the same,
while stalls they overthrow.

Among the crowd was his step dame,
who jump'd and caper'd too.

Her friend the friar she beheld ;
among the revel rout,

Altho' she was with sorrow fill'd,
she danc'd and jump'd about.

A frown she cast on Jack her son,
as she did heretofore ;

But she no sooner this had done,
but strait her bum did roar.

It sounded louder than the hunter's horn,
it echo'd in the air,

And people laugh'd her to scorn,
the which were dancing there.

My mother's pipe, said Jack, I think,
does my fine musick drown ;

Besides, she sends forth such a stink,
I fear she is, not sound.

The friar needs would take her part,
crying out, he was ill bred,

minute Jack grafted by his cunning art,
large horns upon his head,

The Butchers dog began to bark,
seeing a horned beast,

Jack clapp'd the very self-same mark
on forty men at least,

Some danced 'till their cloaths were rags
and some among them swore ;

We are a head of horned stags ;
was e'er the like before.

me, The friar then aloud did cry,
let us lay hold on him ;

For e'er we will be served thus,
we'll tear him limb from limb.

Because he was threaten'd so gross,
his pipe he louder blew,

And led them dancing thro' a close,
where thorns and briars grew.

The men and women in their cloaths
had here small punishment ;

But the naked ones, you may suppose,
 Had reason to lament,
 The naked nuns and friars there,
 The nettles did basting,
 About their thighs and bellies bare,
 This was a grievous thing.
 Their hands and faces blister'd were,
 And limbs from top to toe,
 At length they cry'd sweet John forbear,
 And don't torment us so,
 His step-mother among the rest,
 So did the friar too,
 Like humble supplicants protest,
 How they'd much kindness shew.
 To him, while they had breath to draw,
 Nor ne'er offend him more,
 Nor threaten him with course of law,
 If he would but give o'er.
 Jack took away his horns and bells,
 And ceas'd his pipe with speed,
 And so dissolved all his spells,
 And then went home with speed,
 Jack to himself did laugh again,
 Knowing he did them fit,
 And when he plays his pranks again,
 You'll surely hear of it.

10 JUL 22

F I N I S

